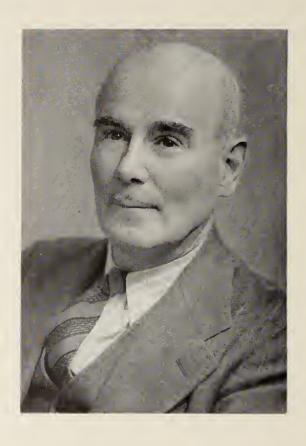


The Tower



VICTORIA COLLEGE YEAR BOOK



DEDICATION

This fourth issue of The Tower is dedicated with a feeling
of deep respect and warm admiration to the man who, as
principal and professor, counsellor and friend, will always
remain foremost in our memories of Victoria College—

Dr. Ewing



TOWER STAFF

Marion Gibbs

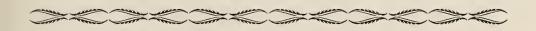
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VICTORIA COLLEGE LIDRARY VICTORIA, B. C.

Act of Judgment

JON WOODS

The native clung to the edge of the battered outrigger, then took a deep breath and slid silently into the azure depths of the lagoon.

Swimming eel-like past green plants and great out-croppings of twisted coral, he reached the cave. Its dark opening stared him in the face like the vacant eyesocket of a leper, empty, yet full of a nameless, crawling horror.

There was in his village a legend which told of a giant devil-fish who guarded a valuable pearl in the cave. This pearl, the possession of the Great God of All Seas, could give to a deserving one the right to divine powers. It is to be noted that after the advent of the white trader the diver, previously ambitious, became known to boast, not infrequently, of how he would achieve the pearl and turn it into great riches.

The diver entered the gloom of the cave with some trepidation. There were no vestiges of vegetation, or of life; it was as deserted as a burial ground. A soft gleam of light emanated from a recess in the wall. In it on a shelf he found a half-opened oyster the size of a large clam upon the flesh of which winked a pearl the size of an apple.

With greedy haste he snatched at the pearl, but the oyster snapped shut upon his hand. As he stared numbly at the undulating streams of sluggish blood, all the overwhelming superstitious fears of his childhood returned. This was undoubtedly an omen sent by the gods in warning. Pain forgotten, he shuddered.

But then into his thoughts crept the nasal voice of the trader bringing with it the memory of the campfire where, filled with the trader's ideas and rum he had heard the tantalizing dreams of chieftainship and power. Also there was the scorn of failure . . . the scorn.

Then he was again at the entrance, the pearl clutched tightly in his good hand. He laughed inwardly. He had beaten the gods and was now escaping!

A shadow's falling, a state of fear followed by a look upward. A giant blackness of squid descending upon his head. Quick fumblings for his knife, but the awful memory of his injured and useless hand. Two thick tentacles crusted with suction cups reaching for his face. Confusing, frantic thoughts. He stood there.

There was quite a stir in the village. Men looked apprehensively out of the corners of their eyes, children were quiet, and the women busied themselves with their household duties. Somewhere a nasal voice screamed sharply.

The diver's brother, alone on the beach, launched his canoe and paddled reluctantly toward the spot where his brother planned on diving. As nearest blood relation it was his unenviable duty to redeem the body.

He found it on his first dive, lying in a crumpled heap at the cave entrance, battered, and almost unrecognizably mashed; but he knew. Stepping forward cautiously he shooed away the parasitic little fishes nosing at the carcass and looked. The long knife was in its sheath at the diver's side. The hand of one arm was badly slashed, the other scarcely marked and the fist clenched with white-knuckled tightness. It was empty.

Back at the village he spoke not a word, he did not have to, they knew. That night he wearily arose from his gift offerings to the gods and walked slowly to the edge of the palm trees. He sat there watching the moon and its watery reflection until the two merged and disappeared.





Foreword

According to the saying, credit should be given where credit is due. As a member of the student body I would like to express our deep appreciation for the work of this year's Students' Council. The sincerity of its members and the efficient way in which they have handled all matters pertaining to the student body should be an example for future Councils.

It is with a full appreciation of the job at hand and an honest determination to succeed, then, that the members of the Students' Council-elect assume their offices. We have the example before us and must now do our level best to follow it.

I would like to take this opportunity to again thank the members of the 1949-50 Council for their efforts on our behalf, and to express the genuine determination of the 1950-51 Council to manage all student affairs with foresight, diligence and discretion.

Hen mae Kay

Students' Council





The well-chosen members of the Students' Council directed the affairs of the Alma Mater Society in a harmonious and efficient manner. No great difficulties were encountered this year. All student business was discussed at the weekly meetings, and future events were planned.

The council was composed of ten student members and two faculty advisers. The faculty advisers, Miss Baxendale and Mr. Wallace, attended nearly all

the meetings and their advice was very helpful.

The Council President, Neil Neufeld, presided at the weekly meetings and directed the student activities. Neil was also important in diplomatic dealings

with the faculty.

Anne Henderson, Council Secretary, took the minutes of all meetings, and handled all correspondence. She kept the business straight and was always willing to type sundry reports and letters for council members and club presidents.

The strong will of the Treasurer, Marguerite Mawer, was evident at all council meetings. Marguerite controlled the council's meagre funds with an iron hand, and it took a very persuasive argument to obtain money for non-budgeted activities. It was Marguerite's job to keep the books, draw up the budget, and see that it was adhered to.

Dan Levy, Director of Literary and Scientific, was in charge of all club organization. He was also chairman of the Transportation Committee which

pursued the lower bus fare request to the point of frustration.

The large job of Director of Publicity was in the capable hands of Keith Wilson. He was in charge of the publicity office and its products; and he also looked after the newspaper publicity for the college.

Jean McKee as President of W.U.G.S. took an active part in council matters, and organized the co-ed activities of the college including the Caf Capers and

the Co-ed Dance.

The Sports Reps were Percia Wilkinson and Gerry Main. They organized all college sport and looked after the sports equipment. In addition, Percia was in charge of the program for the Awards Banquet; and Gerry was President of the new Rugby Club.

The First Year members of the council, Pat Ludlow and Bill Bartlett, brought the suggestions and complaints of their fellow students to the council. The Christmas Dance was arranged by Bill Bartlett, and Pat's film hour provided a

contribution for the U.N. Appeal for Children.

The council was responsible for the arrangement of the college dances and the Awards Banquet. Also it sponsored the Freshette Tea and the Ski Trip.

Jower Salutes



MARY EMERTON

Mary's labours as president of the Student Christian Movement this year have been of unqualified benefit to all members of the college. Her enthusiasm, perseverance, co-operation and friendly approach, as well as her belief in the profound worth to be found in the thought and enquiry promulgated by her organization, have been an excellent example to the student body as a whole and to every individual, be he Freshman or Sophomore. Throughout her stay in Victoria College, Mary has been an unfailing participant in the activities of many clubs besides devoting much valued time to worthy causes outside college life. Doubtless her unselfish character has affected everyone of us directly or indirectly, for she stands as a symbol of what an individual can be and do.

JOHN NAPIER-HEMY

"Uncle John's" achievements during the last year have been nothing short of miraculous. He has taken an active part in the V.C.T., attained a high standard of journalistic excellence in editing the Martlet, and persevered in the face of great disappointment to put Victoria College on the air. We suspect that John's ability to "perdooce" will take him far; in any event his efforts have enriched the 49-50 session for all of us.





BARBARA FLATEN

Barb's specific achievement this year has been the organization of a very successful Players' Club. In her two years of association with the club, Barb has shown her willingness to make a success of the ventures in which she enthusiastically takes part. "Buffeted by the slings and arrows" of last year, the Players' Club under her active leadership this year produced two performances of the "School for Scandal," of which the college may be justly proud. In addition to the Players' Club, Barbara supported the other activities of the college with equal enthusiasm and vigour.



DR. EWING Philosophy



MR. CUNNINGHAM
Zoology



MISS BAXENDALE
German



MISS BETHUNE Biology



MR. BISHO! English



MR. BLACK Classics



MR. CLARK Chemistry



MR. ELLIOT Economics



MR. FIELDS Biology



DR. HICKMA French



MR. HOWATSON
Geography



MR. HUGHES Physics



MR. JONES Psychology



MR. McORMOND English



MRS. NOBLE Mathematics



MR. PETTIT History



MR. POISSON English



MR. SAVANNAH Chemistry



M. TREIL French



MR. WALLACE Mathematics



MISS CRUICKSHANK Registrar



MISS SULLIVAN Asst. to Registrar



MRS. McKAY Asst. Registrar



MISS MATHEWS Librarian

PROFESSORS' PARADISE

☆ ☆ ☆

Mrs. Andrews—A new washing machine in which to clean the clothes of her German-speaking children.

Miss Baxendale—Skiing with Goethe in a world of idealistic fantasy.

Miss Bethune—A chair in the Botany faculty at an all-male university, and credits for chem. 300.

Mr. Bishop—To sing with that Heavenly Muse on the top of some secret mount "of man's first disobedience."

Mr. Black-Heaven for Mr. Black-

A class that doesn't a Bryson lack. Homer is about all this man will crave, And will carry the odyssey right to his grave.

Mr. Clark—An honours class in organic chemistry.

Mr. Climenhaga—A problem-solving black board, and an insulated demonstration room.

Mr. Cunningham—Where the students know that "it's on the sheets" and where the east end is full of pickled kitties instead of kiddies.

Mr. Elliot—Planning a model town where marginal cost balances marginal revenue.

Dr. Ewing—A transcendental world where GOOD and BEAUTY are defined.

Mr. Fields—In which an ocean of cephalopods is explored with an able assistant in a sarong.

Dr. Hickman—In which all students buy three tickets to the French play, and all automatically write 30-word sentences.

Mr. Howatson—In which the 2nd division rugby team uses the topography to its full advantage.

Mr. Hughes—In which all students can do their problems, and remember what they were doing "at our last meeting."

Mr. Jones—Where all Collegians' I.Q. equals 130.

Mr. McOrmond—A moral college paper, and a \$10,000 annual.

Mrs. Noble—\$160 minks in a four dimensional world.

Mr. Pettit—Reclining in the Elysian Fields, smoking Arcadia mixture, and contemplating the values of progressive liberalism (small 1).

Mr. Poisson—Where he is navigator of Othello's ship of state.

Mr. Savannah—A feminine chemistry class, no unknowns, and a small farm.

M. Treil—"Paradise—oh—hell!"

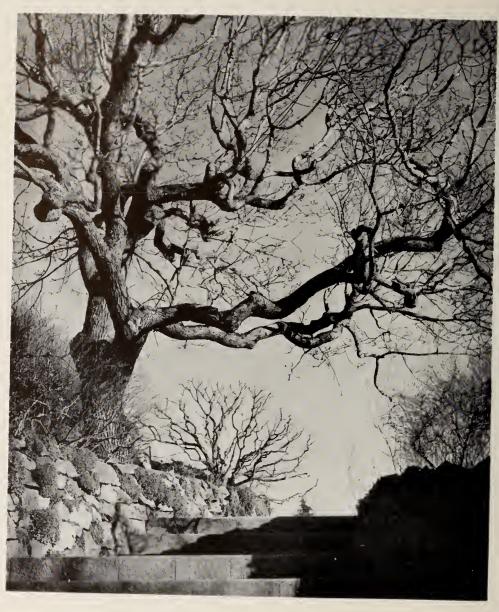
Mr. Wallace—In which all combinations and computations on the rugby field always result in α try.

Miss Cruickshank—Where everybody is quite sure which course they are taking.

Miss Mathews—That place which has the absolute in quiet libraries and scholarly students who return their books promptly.

Mrs. McKay—Where books are always in stock, and always used the following year.

Miss Sullivan—That college where no student gets bounced for not paying his fees.



The road to knowledge is long and steep . .





NEIL NEWFELD

SOIPHIS



My last duty as the retiring President of the Alma Mater Society seems to be the writing of a valedictory, which, according to a famous lexicographer (Webster), means a "parting address." This not only provides me with an opportunity to reminisce a little, but also to give you a few words of advice, (for such seem to be the traditional parts of an outgoing officer's duties).

I am quite sure that all of you have some impressions of the past year's events stamped upon your minds. I can, for example, see the Vikings scoring another "try" to down their arch enemies—the Wanderers; I can still hear "Bumps" Blackwell rocking the auditorium with Hucklebuck; Sidney Foster holding his audience enrapt with Chopin; and I can see our own fellow students performing masterfully in School for Scandal. I recall also, but with less pleasure, the many examinations, the essays, the hours spent in labs, and some of the lectures which were just short of boring. As I look back I see and hear countless other things, but pleasant or unpleasant, I have no doubt in my mind when I say, "they were well worth it."

But these are all the events of the past and now the future must be considered. This is where my advice should logically be given. It may all be summed up in the motto of the college which is "tuum est"—"it is yours," i.e., the responsibility is yours. If you bear this in mind and live up to it you will have little difficulty in the years to come.

To you students who carry on here at Victoria College next year, may I say that you are very fortunate to be able to do so; to all of you, wherever you go, may I wish you every success, and Good Luck.

-NEIL NEUFELD.



PAT ALAIR

A star at basketball and golf, A commerce student keen, Pat loves his German poetry, He's really on the beam.





BEV. BRADLEY Quiet and shy, but witty and smart, Bev. and her Jack are seldom

IEAN ALBRIGHT

CLIFF ANASTASIOU Botany's great!

Chemistry, Hah!

Physicists, Bah!

Zoology's wonderful,

This sociable gal is a femme fatale,

As blonds are apt to be, A bundle of brains, plays basketball,

A success she's sure to be.





apart.

The pilot of V.C.F.

Has smiles for one and all, He's getting married pretty soon,

Gee! handsome, dark and tall.







DONN CARMICHAEL

An enthusiast in the U.N.T.D. Could his future lie at sea?



NORM BAKER

Rugby star of note,

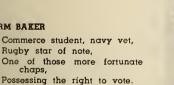
With interests that vary from Rugby to Philosophy Dick's ultimate aim is the field of diplomacy.





RAY CHALK

Ray's many talents deserve a cheer,
We wish him good luck as an engineer.







DODIE COLLIE

Dodie's wit is tops in the college, Add to this her musical knowl-

edge,
We find the "Little One's"
fatality, Lies in sparkling personality.



Tom is never in a flurry, Zoo. seems to be his major worry.





MADELYN COLTIS

Pianist well known, Glee Club's singing thrush, This summer for vacation To Europe she will rush.



To excell in journalism is Denny's aim, Loves jazz, and lives at foot-ball games.





GERALD COULTAS

Him the mighty Winston taught, Him the muses glory brought.

GORDON COX

This worker in the V.C.F. Stars at Zoology, First he'll study medicine And then theology.



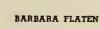
There once was a maiden Maureen, In the library presided as queen, It's easy to see why she heads I. R. C. This bright, cheery scholar Maureen.











GORDON ESTLIN

best in,

Commerce and Players' Club: these are demanding, Barb handles them both with understanding.

The cub of a lion is Estlin,

And these are the subjects he's

Biology, Chemistry, Deutsche, Kultur, In fact there's not any in which he's poor.

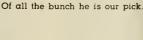






JOHNNY FOOTE

This boy is best known as Lou, He's a diligent comm student too, On the rugby field he's really slick,





GERALD CRUICESHANK

Gerald surely will go far,

Nothing can his future mar.

Geoff d'Easum isn't very big, But size ain't everything,
Cuz when he's on the rugby
field He's happy as a king.





RONALD FORBES

It certainly isn't Ron's whim To have poetry written on him, Uncultured he'll be like we And devote all his genius to



This Scotchman is a whiz at Maths. He knows identities, He'll be a scientist next year When he's at Varsity.





AL FOXGORD

The Pre-Med Head, U.N.T.D., He'll soon collect a doctor's fee.



All bright and cheery is this fair dearie Who amiably teases but speaks sincerely.





DICK GILBERT

Botany is Dick's main joy, He works at it with vigour, With Cleo, Ed and company, He's quite a well-known figure.



A quiet lass, a serious femme, In S.C.M. she is a gem.





GARTH GODWIN

A wit, a sage, of all things skeptical,

His puns, oh Lord! Am I dyspeptical.

JOHN GOULT

He sings, he acts, he plays, he laughs, He's in C.O.T.C., He'll be a shining legal star When he's through Varsity.





JIM HENNING

For work Jim likes Zoology For a pastime, U.N.T.D. This loquacious fellow's future lies At Med. school, U.B.C. (quelle dogerelle)



With physics, calculus, maths and chem. Ron's one of the brighter sciencemen.





TED HOBBS

Ted's no grammarian, He reads like no librarian, Yet he's no barbarian, For soon he'll be a veterinarian, A real humanitarian.

CLEO GUBBELS

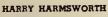
Cleo is studying Agriculture, Mixed in with some other culture, His interests are Botanical Though not Puritanical.





JULIE HORSEY

She dotes on history, she's mad about French, She's a star at badminton—a fascinating wench.



Wie, Harry, mit deiner Kraft, Liebst du die Kunst oder Wissenshaft.





TANIA HURMUSES

Stand up and cheer! Hurmuses is here! For wit, looks and charm, she hasn't a peer.

DOUG HENDERSON

Doug's a former Navy man, Now in C.O.T.C., Commerce will be his chosen field When he enters U.B.C





DONALD INVINE

A quiet boy, but don't be misled,
Here is a fellow with brains
in his head.



Council sec. extraordinaire, Personality plus! No wonder all the college boys O'er her make such a fuss.





RUSS ISAAC

An outdoor man, a sylvan guide, This summer in the woods he'll abide.

LINDY HENDSBEE

Lindy's the gal who thinks history's fun, Some learn it, some burn it-she makes it!





RUTH JEFFREY

In V.C.F. she's not a shirker, In studies too, she's quite a worker,

And we shall see that she will

A leader of humanity.

ROBERT JEUNE

An ex-service man is he, An economist he is to be.





WILF LESSARD
Wilf is a regular guy,
Quick at wit, and far from shy.

DON JONES

Another ex-Esquimalt type,
Is dark and dashing Don,
An artsman straight from A
to Zee,
He aims at anthropology.





DANIEL LEVY

This man a lawyer wants to be,
He feels it is his destiny,
Succeed he will, we all agree
But not alone—he'll have C.P.

ED KOHSE

With Cleo and Dick You can always find Ed, We all agree He's a real good head.





DENIS LEVY

Denis is an English lad,
Who likes to play at tennis,
But when he smokes those
black cigars,
Our Denis is a menace.

SYLVIA LASH

Table hopper in the caf.
Sylvia contributes lots of laughs.



BERNADETTE LINEHAM

A loud scream rends the air, And "love a duck" resounds, It's only Bernie's lab vocab, But how we love those sounds.

BILL LAWTON

From Manitoba'he did come To grace our city fair, He seems to have a taste for French And never has a care.



GRANT LIVINGSTONE

Grant's future lies at U.B.C. Then in '53, a B. Comm. degree.

KEN LEE

He aims to outdo Einstein In physics he's the best, He goes to every hockey game, In fact he's all ways blest.





REG LOTT

A mainstay of U.N.T.D.,
A 3-year rugby man,
Wherever "just plain Reggie"
goes,
You'll find a happy clan.

PAT LEECH

Her maths marks, her basketball, Her brown snappy eyes, These are the causes of our envious sighs.





JIM LOUTIT

A long, lean lanky drink of water,

As an all round athlete, no one is hotter.

WALT McDONALD

Walt seems to star at every game,
In classroom too he shines,
In fact he does so many things
We're running out of lines.





JOHN MOFFATT

This Irish lad is a genius at Chem.,
He eats like a horse, he sings

like a gem,
He's a whiz at tennis, badminton and snap,

minton and snap,

In short, a regular sporting

IEAN McKEE

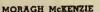
Oh wat a gal! She's a real live-wire,
Many a poet she will inspire.





DAVE MOLLIETT

We'd like to see Moose dance a jig, Mais Sacre Bleu! He's too damned big!



Neat, sweet, petite, A treat to meet.





JOHN NAPIER-HEMY

"Uncle John" the mighty wit, In the editor's seat so well does he sit, That in the future we might see, John at the head of Ubyssey.



Main guy on the rugby squad, Mainstay on our campus broad, Might and Main can not him ban,

For manly Main is mainly man.





NEIL NEUFELD

Our handsome energetic pres. Is leading a full life, He keeps the college going strong,

And also keeps a wife.



This bright lass from Courtenay does hail,

She studies right well, she ne'er will fail!

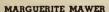




ART OLSON

Here is a lad from Prince Rupert, Who stars on the maplewood court,

He's also a student,
And seldom imprudent,
He's one guy you'll never cut
short.



The council cash condition causes chatters,

But Marg's a master in money matters.





JOHN OLSON

Olson's quite a rugby flash, A wit of no mean fame, Without "Big John" our institute Just wouldn't be the same.

JUNE MILBURN

She's known for her singing, She plays the piano well, Aux soirees francaises chaque annee, Elle est la chanteuse belle.





PETE PATERSON

Pete is in Science, Pre-med and the like, And after Vic. College McGill is in sight.

ROBERT PAUWELS

Biology, Morphology, Physiology, Zoology, All these he learns that he may know What makes the little fishes go.





TOM RHODES

He shouts, he raves, he argues;

He shouts, he raves, he argues; He has that fiendish laugh, He spends a large part of his time Just lounging in the caf.



Fair Helen of the S.C.M. Looks gentle and demure, But out upon the hockey field Her shot is strong and sure.





ROBERT ROBERTSON

Even if his name is Bob,
Of a degree he won't be robbed.



With two English courses,
Our clever young Pollard
Is in no position to
Act like a lollard.





LAUREN SAVAGE

There are some that discuss any subject
From proverbial kings to cabbage,
But no one, no no one will ever discuss
In manner quite equal to Savage.

WENDY PORRITT

Pert and Pretty Porritt
With wide and wondering eyes
Has trouble with French and
English,
But boys, they throng like flies.





DIANE SAWYER

In Chem. she has the master's touch,

"Oh crunch! I've added a smidge too much."

CAROL POTTER

Pater Potter got a dotter, Hundreds sotter, Daniel cotter.





GARY SHEPPARD

Studious, quite, reserved is he, This describes him to a tee.

PETER POWELL

A rootin' tootin' sort of a guy, O'er him, the girls, they all do sigh,

Pete plays the piano, and sings off-key,

And he is heading for Varsity.





ANNE SHEPHERD

Wise and intelligent, pretty and bright,
Those adjectives describe Anne

These adjectives describe Anne just right.



Impeccable Robert both witty and gay,

Is sure to become a keen lawyer some day.





JOHN SHEPPY

The pride of Science profs. is John,
He's always right, he's never wrong.

ROSS SINCLAIRE

A Pre-med man with a winning air, You know who we mean—It's Ross Sinclaire.





BRIAN WAITE

A modern young Samson, A handsome young man, A curly-haired student Of the Botany clan.

PAT SINNOTT

A maestro on the violin, In the French play she did shine,

President of the L.A.S., Her marks do ne'er decline.





RAY WEHNER

A taste for music, Personality rare, Whatever he chooses, Well will he fare.



A serious worker in Pre-med, Known to all as a real good head.





IACK WELLBURN

Jack's one of those fellows Who swims Christmas morning, His polar bear pin Is Miss Bradley adorning.



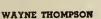
Gordie's right on top in Maths, He's also one swell guy, He never seems to work too hard, But his marks are always high.





PERCIA WILKINSON

Percy's an athlete, An actress superb, She's steady and thoughtful And hard to perturb.



Wayne's a healthy, robust type, Completely lost without his pipe.





PHILIP WILKINSON

Phil's Model A is his pride and joy, Soccer and basketball, an all round boy.

GILL TREMBLAY

If it's fun you want, just follow Gill, Our future Barbara Ann Scott,

A shapely gal, who's every-one's pal, Economics is her chosen lot.





GRANT WILLIAMSON

Oft seen in the gym At basketball playing, Is fond of expounding The woes of surveying.



A student of the sciences Is one young miss Jean Ure, She's going to be a doctor, From her we'd like the cure.





KEITH WILSON

Our director of Publicity Is full of Perspicacity, A model of civility With plenty of ability.

NORA WOLFE

Interested in every topic Be it large or microscopic Examines every situation For its proper denotation.





FAYE WRIGHT

Bunty has a stock of jokes, The best we've heard in years, She makes us laugh, she's never a bore. We always want to hear some

JON WOODS

plans,

BRUCE YOUNG

Jon's always full of bright ideas, Like "wugs" and "mugs" united. But ask him of his next year's

He'll say he's not far-sighted.

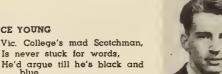




GORDON YOUNG

more.

Here is a boy who in future To new heights will continue to climb.







LORRAINE SEIBEL

Enthusiast in Chemistry, From Kamloops she does hail, A lab technician is her goal, We're sure she will not fail.

RUSS ROBERTSON

He's following his father A doctor-specialist, Last year he spent at old McGill. We bet back there he's missed.

That dogs and cats are birds.



BYRON BARKER ALBERT BOOTH **EVELYN JACK** RICHARD KUIPERS CHARLES Mackinnon DONALD MacLEOD DAVID MORANT THOMAS PETCH LOUISE QUAN BOB TYSOE

SONNET

I watched you in the quietness of sleep, And marked the child-like droop of softened lips;

The feathered lashes nestled on each cheek, And covered eyes of wondrous gray-flecked blue;

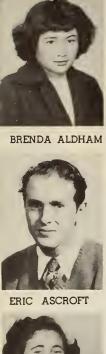
The golden hair flung out its trailing tips, And caught the early sun like sparkling dew; The wool warmth wrapped familiarly around— One hand had flung the clear cool white aside: I knew I could have wak'd you with a touch, And seen the miracle of life revived, But turned and left you in the sandman's clutch. So, curved and cuddled by the warming folds, Sweet figure in its youthfulness reposed.

-ELOISE McKAY.





IFIROSIHI





PETER ATKIN





KATHALEEN ANGUS











KENNETH BARI R



MAVIS BARNES

















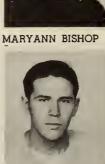




BETTY MAY BIRD



PAMELA BIRLEY



CHARLES BRUMWELL





DAVID BUTLER



MICHAEL BRONSDON







MARY LOU FRASER

PATRICIA GEORGE



RODERICK FRASER

KENNETH GIBBARD



IAN FIRTH









HAZEL GARDNER















IRA GREEN



GORDON GODDARD

GLEN GUEST



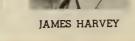


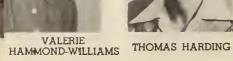
FRANK HATCHEF



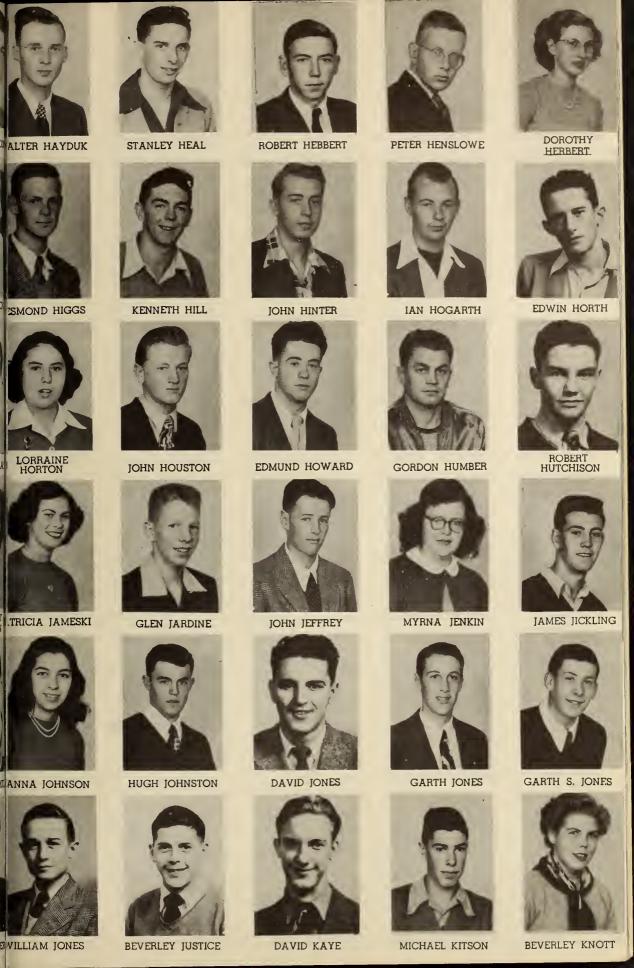


EVELYN HARVEY





CECIL GOULD





BEVERLEY LUFF

ROBERT McCONECHY



CLARE LaVOIE



STEWART McINTOSH







MARILYN LEIGH

ROY LOGIE

















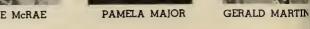












RAE McDONALD

ELOISE McKAY



DEIDRE MacKENZIE FRASER MacPHERSON









ANNE PRICE



HELEN PRICE



GEORGE RAPANOS



SHIRLEY READING



RONALD REID



EILEEN RICHARDSON



RONALD ROBB



DENNIS ROBERTS



GAIL ROBINSON



RAYMOND SALMON



MURRAY SAUNDERS



JACQUELINE SAWYER



VERNON SERL



ROBERT SHEPPARD



FREDERICK SHERWOOD



ROBERT SHIPLEY



JOHN SHIPLEY







ARTHUR SMITH







PATRICIA SPARKS



MAURICE SPOONE



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MARGARET TAYLOR



REID TAYLOR



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WILMA WILSON



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JACK WONG



CONNLA WOOD



JOHN WOOD

BONNIE AIERS
TOM DAVY

-WILLIAM BENDALL



LAURENCE WRIGHT

ALAN FRANCIS LORNA JOHNSTON PETER LEUNG



ALAN YEOMAN

ART RUMSBY
RALPH SHANDLEY
TERRY SUNDHER



FLORENCE YIPP

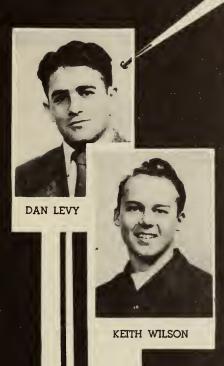
CORINNE QUAN
ED ROBERGE
FAITH ROBISON





VICTORIA COLLEGE LIDRARY VICTORIA, B. C.





ACTIVITIES

"The "Martlet"



Connla Wood, Ray Wehner, Dick Baker, Dodie Collie, Tania Hurmuses, Denny Boyd

(Editor) John Hemy, Dave Sutherland

The most outstanding change in Martlet policy this year was that of charging a nominal sum of five cents a copy. This innovation was met with favor from the students, and helped the Martlet in its struggle for self-sufficiency.

Under the guidance of the able editor, John Napier-Hemy, many new 'regular features' were introduced, in addition to some of the old ones.

Dave "Suds" Sutherland continued with the Profile Department and supplied some amusing cartoons. John Napier-Hemy kept readers laughing with "Uncle John's Corner." News Editor Dick Baker recorded the choicest College gossip as "dirty dick." Carol Potter culled the back issues of the Daily Ubyssey, seeking material for "Varsity News." David Moilliet furnished "U.N.T.D. Activities." Inquiring Reporters Johnny Symonds and Wayne Thompson kept the Caf humming with ever-lasting questions.

In the field of sports, Sports Editor Denny Boyd covered basketball; Tom Ballard, Senior A rugby; Walt MacDonald, Senior B rugby; Phyl Wakelyn and Ady Taylor, Girls' Sports.

Ray Wehner was responsible for club write-ups. Connla Wood provided photographs.

Other contributing reporters were Brenda Aldham, Mary Lou Fraser, Pat Carstens, Pat Thomas, Nora Wolfe, Tom Rhodes, John Moffat, Ray Orchard, Bruce Young, Gerry Coultas and Gordon Humber.

Doreen Collie and Tania Hurmuses headed an energetic advertising staff consisting of Mary Lou Fraser, Eve Harvey, Sylvia Lash, Jenifer Munday, Dudley Coddington, Diane Bevan, John Moffat and Nora Wolfe.

Interested readers kept the Martlet from going too far astray by airing their grievances in the "Letters to the Editor" column. This column was greatly improved over last year's owing to the fact that no unsigned letters were printed.

A total of seven issues were printed, two of these being sixpagers. The final issue was a "goon", written on a farcical level and patterned after the famous Ubyssey "goons."



Time and students pass—but the oak remains forever.

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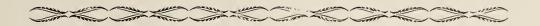
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LOOKING ASTERN

By DAVID MOILLIET

"Stand clear of the vent," "Lie back and secure!" "Canteen's closed, watch your fingers!" . . . No, this isn't Essondale, only what echoed through the halls of Victoria College during the first few weeks of this Session . . . U.N.T.D. Cadets expressing reminiscences of their experiences during the Summer training period.

Ten Second-Year cadets returned to college this year and together with eleven "hopefuls" formed the Division for 1949-50.

Parades, which have been conducted throughout the year, have been held in H.M.C.S. Sault Ste. Marie, our divisional ship. Lieutenant-Commander Ostler returned this year as Commanding Officer, assisted by Lieut. Coupar and Sub-Lieut. Taylor.

Before Christmas we were fortunate in being able to go on several cruises to Bremerton, Salt Spring Island, and Port Angeles.

During our Monday night parades, instruction has been extensive. Second-year men have taken Celestial Navigation, Seamanship, 4.7" Gun Drill, Communications and Rifle Drill while first-year types have indulged in the rigors of unending rifle drill and seamanship, as well as a small portion of elementary Navigation, the latter under the tutelage of Lieut.-Commanders Brown and Poisson.

Several inspections have been carried out during the year. In November, Captain H. L. Quinn, D.S.O.,

R.C.N., Director of Naval Reserves, visited us, and in March, we were reviewed by the head of the U.N.-T.D.'s for Canada, Commander Little, both of whom seemed pleased with our efforts.

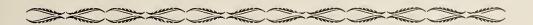
At the beginning of this term the Division travelled to Vancouver on the "Soo" and took on the U.B.C. Division in a day of sports. A party and dance concluded this affair although the return trip next day proved overwhelming to some.

In February, eight Cadets embarked in "Sault Ste. Marie" to exercise with units of the American fleet, which included a submarine.

The last parade took place on March 27th when there was a final inspection by our C.O. All Cadets have been measured for new khaki uniforms at Gordon's Ltd. in town, and these will be worn during the summer instead of our heavy "5b's."

Training has been expanded this year and close to 1,000 cadets will be in training, on both coasts, this summer.

At the Reserve Training Establishment on this coast will be Second Third and Fourth year men while the others will train with cadets at Royal Roads. The frigates "Beacon Hill" and "Antigonish" will again be in commission during the summer. Cruises have been planned to Seattle and Portland, as well as a week at sea, so all in all, this promises to be a very enjoyable summer in the making.



Highlights of 1949-50

To get the most out of college, the student must be educated socially as well as academically. Victoria College offers many social outlets to help round out the student's personality. Besides athletics, there are dances, dramatic and musical productions, and the many and varied clubs. These clubs span a wide range of activities covering religion, psychology, science, music, drama, and politics.

The early part of the first term was mostly devoted to freshmen activities and the first steps of the Alma Mater Society. The Freshette Tea was the first major event of the year. The newcomers were the guests of sophs who instructed the frosh in the noble art of sipping tea. The Freshman Dance, next on agenda, was a great success. The frosh, bedecked in odd shoes, jeans, signs, etc., added colour to the proceedings held at the Crystal Garden. The M.C. was Peter Evans and the outstanding personality Ian Firth (adhesive tape and all). Dan Levy led a spirited drive against the B.C. Electric in our much-publicized Bus Fare Investigation. However, publicity was all we got out of the investigation, for in spite of Dan's efforts, the fares were not reduced one far-

The last half of the first term featured dances. The Gypsy Dance was rather a brilliant spectacle. Brightly coloured costumes added to an enjoyable but rather crowded evening of dancing at the Sirocco. The Rugby Dance for the benefit, strangely enough, of the rugby team, was held at the college auditorium. The Christmas Dance, held at the Empress Hotel, concluded a very interesting first term. The friendly atmosphere surrounding this dance was truly something and I'm sure a good time was had by all.

The second term held many varied events in store for us on our re-

turn from the Christmas holidays. First of all we were lucky enough to be able to go to the registrar's office and pick up our Christmas exam results (Nuff said). Getting back to pleasant things, the Blood Donor Clinic was next. After building up red corpuscles at the expense of Christmas turkeys and puddings, the Red Cross was there to help carry away the overflow. However, the turnout for this worthy cause was a little disappointing. The Ski Trip drained a little more of the surplus energy left over from Yuletide. Surprisingly enough, there were relatively few injuries incurred at this winter spectacle held just outside Port Angeles. Hardly anything was broken or cut. The women had their chance at the next dance as the W.U.G.S. sponsored their annual Co-Ed. Features of this dance were the corsage centest and the ballet performed by the celebrated "Rugby Players Company." The things people will do for a laugh. Under Mr. Bishop, the V.C.T. put on a truly inspired "School for Scandal" that was well worth seeing. The French Club put on the second annual French Evening under the direction of Dr. Hickman and M. Treil. The "Soiree" featured the second act of "Knock" by Jules Romains. The Awards Banquet topped off the activities before the final exams. The athletic, council and activity pins were presented at the banquet, held at the Crystal Garden.

Among the more active of the clubs were the Jazz Club, the S.C.M. the V.C.F., and the Forum. The Jazz Club's activities were featured by the appearance of the "Bumps Blackwell" band. The two religious clubs sponsored many interesting discussions. The Forum was willing to tackle any problem from court procedure to communism—and did. All in all it was a very successful year socially.





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Ken Burkinshaw (pres.), Gordon Cox, Ruth Jeffrey, Pat Leech



Tom Rhodes, Dan Levy (pres.), Wayne Thomson



Ronald Grant (pres.), Garth Jones, Mr. Clark



Clubs



AFTER-CHRISTMAS FORUM Tom Rhodes (pres.), Pat Carstens



PRE-MED. SOCIETY

Al Foxgord (pres.), Ross Sinclaire,
Jean Ure, Trudy Norman



MUSIC APPRECIATION

Ray Wehner (pres.), Madelyn Coltis

Gordon Young



STUDENT CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT Mary Emmerton (pres.), Helen Piddington



PSYCHOLOGY CLUB
Jon Woods

BADMINTON CLUB
John Moffatt (pres.), Art Rumsby

CAMERA CLUB Connla Wood

GLEE CLUB

John Goult (pres.), Tom Ballard, Walt McDonald, Madelyn Coltis (pianist)

LITERARY ARTS SOCIETY

Pat Sinnott (pres.), Anne Shepherd









SIPOIRIS



FIRST DIVISION VIKINCS





2ND DIVISION RUGBY TEAM

Dave Jones, Glen Guest, John Goult, Walt McDonald, Jim Loutit, Ray Orchard, Dave Molliett, Murray Saunders, Russ Robertson, Dick Baker, Mr. Howatson.

Dick Vogel, Ted Howard, Don Taylor, Stan Heal, Bob Hebbert, John Jeffrey, Denis Levy, Ian Hogarth, Geoff Craven.

Rugby

Early in the College year the rugby enthusiasts on the campus got together to draw up plans for the coming season. Coach Scott Kerr suggested that a club should be formed, one in the senior league and one in the second division. Shortly after this the club was organized and held its first meeting at Coach Kerr's home. Officers were elected and those fellows were to also captain the two teams. President, and captain of the senior team was Gerry Main, Reg Lott was chosen vicecaptain and secretary, while Dick Baker was picked as treasurer and captain of the second division team.

Both teams have had a good season to date but "old man winter" interfered badly and split the season in two. The senior team easily won the first half of the league losing only one game to the Oak Bay Wanderers. The team boasted the tallest and heaviest scrum seen in the city for years but the big fellows never

seemed to get together too well and relied too much on brute force and individual efforts. The backfield had a wealth of speed and experience but seldom seemed to click. One reason might have been the unfortunate loss of Captain Main throughout the first half. His generalship and playmaking were greatly missed.

The team thus far has won its biggest second half game against Wanderers and look well on their way to retaining city supremacy, won by College for the first time last year.

The second division team although beaten by Wanderers for first half honours have a better than even chance to cop the second half and then beat Wanderers for the silverware. The second division would have had a much stronger team had it not been for the fact that several of their key men were stolen to fill in for the many injured seniors.



BASKETBALL

Girls, Hockey

Hampered by bad weather and lack of practice due to conflicting Lab. periods, the college girls grass hockey team has unfortunately spent



GIRLS' HOCKEY

Back Row—Marg. Taylor, Bev Luff, Adela Marriott, Helen Piddington, Joan Davies, Rosalie Cheeseman, Cory Moore, Helen Price, Phyl Wakelyn.

Front Row—Percia Wilkinson, Susan Lutener, Pat Sparks, Ady Taylor, Bosso Sundher. an uneventful year. Only two games were played before Christmas, the one against Queen Margaret's School, and the other against Norfolk House. The result of the Queen Margaret's game was far from disastrous as our girls held the more experienced up-island team to a 2-0 score. Proof of the college team's improving ability was shown when they played the first half of the Norfolk House game short-handed, and won that game 2-0.

Bridgeman Cup Day should provide some worthy competition as all lower island teams are competing. Girls on the college team are: Rosalie Cheeseman, Joan E. Davies, Beverley Luff, Susan Lutener, Adela Marriott, Helen Piddington (captain), Pat Sparks, Bosso Sundher, Adrienne Taylor, Margaret Taylor, Phyllis Wakelyn, and Percia Wilkinson.

Girls, Basketball

The girls this year started practising in early October under the able coaching of Ken MacKay and Ken Hill. Although handicapped by



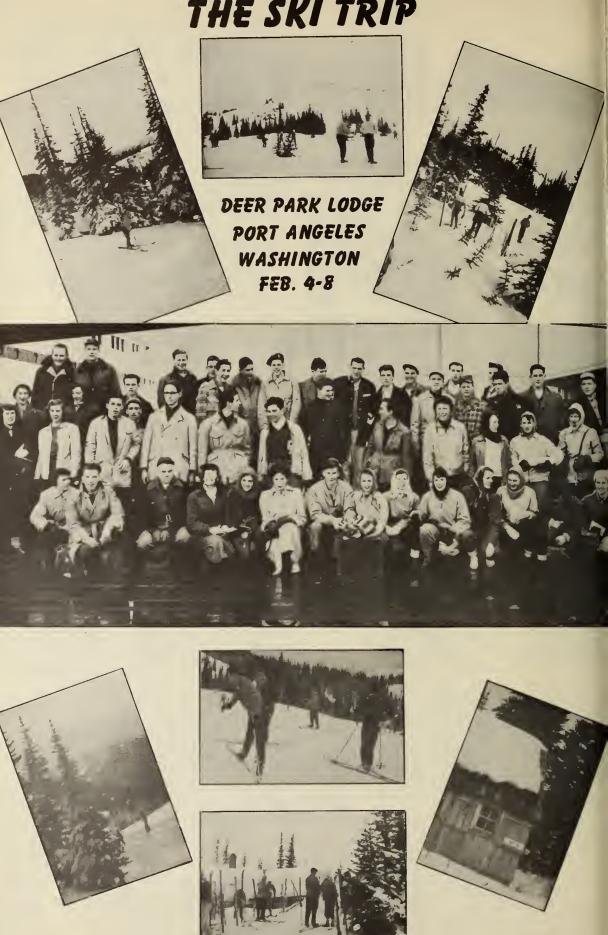
GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Marg. Taylor, Jean Albright, Gloria Gatehouse, Merna Jenkin, Ken Mc-Kay (Coach), Phyl Wakelyn, Bev Knott, Mavis Barnes, Paddy Jameski, Ken Hill (Coach). a small number of performers, the girls have improved steadily through the year. The highlight of the season occurred when Victoria College met a taller and more experienced Victoria High School quintette. The girls put on a much more creditable display than the score, 45-17, would indicate. The team also played, throughout the season, the Normal School, Strathcona Lodge, and St. Margaret's School. They dropped the game to St. Margaret's by a single point after putting on a stirring rally in the tinal quarter.

At the time of this writing the coaches are putting the team through strenuous workouts in preparation for a round robin series with the high schools for the Hamilton-Smith trophy. The girls are confident they will be victorious in this event.

Members of the team who should not go without special mention are Gloria Gatehouse, Phil Wakelyn, Jean Albright, the only returnee from last year's team, and Myrna Jenkins.





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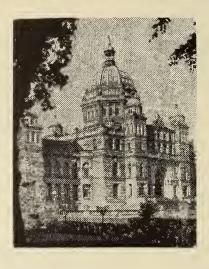
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THE GOLDEN BA

Jacqueline Sawyer

Once upon a time in the kingdom of Trivocia, there ruled a wicked monarch whose daughter's beauty was renowned throughout the land. Many suitors were discouraged by the dangerous tasks that the king set them.

Finally an exceptionally brave youth named Docus fell in love with the princess and decided to win her by fair means or foul. He went to the king to beg permission to espouse the princess. Before he could speak, however, the infuriated monarch thundered at him, "Avaunt, thee! Return not until in this royal hand thou canst place the Golden Ba, and, having spoken, sat back, rocking with malicious mirth as he envisaged the horrors which Docus

would presently encounter.

Our hero, undaunted and undismayed, set out towards the distant mountain of the fabulous Golden Ba. As he approached the formidable castle on the summit, the sky became dark and a great wailing was heard. No one hindered him until he reached the door where stood a fearsome creature with innumerable arms, each wildly waving about clutching gold pieces. When this creature beheld Docus quaking with fear, it shrieked its authority and, seizing Docus by the ankles, turned him upside down and shook him violently. Out tumbled his treasured lucre to be grabbed by the many-handed one. Only when his pockets were completely emptied was Docus released. Then, the creature calmed as if by magic, the mighty portals swung open.

Docus gazed about in awe and amazement. Suddenly the sound of approaching footsteps put him on guard. A young man, most elegantly dressed and bearing an arrogant smile, appeared enquiring, "Whom

might you be?"

"I," replied our hero proudly, "am Docus."

'And I," came the disdainful re-

joinder, "am Sophus."

'You appear apprehensive,'' he continued. "Are you?"
"Well," admitted Docus, "I have

a few goosepimples."

"Oh yes. Somaethesia arising from an anxiety neurosis. But what business brings YOU here?"

Ignoring the scornful implication, Docus told his new acquaintance about the fair princess and her wicked father.

"Impossible my dear fellow!" sneered his companion. "She couldn't be as lovely and good as you seem to imagine. It is all a question of genes, and of course you realize that malicious genes dominate virtuous genes. You are evidently suffering from mental hallucinations and your infatuant is doubtless a syringomyelial schizophrenic. But there is still the faint possibility that, having reached his physiological limit, her father is the victim of senile degeneration of the parietal lobe of cerebellum, causing phrenelogical phobias, prehensive prejudices and perceptive perversions. The theory is well explained in Thackeray's thesis on the trivalent transfer of temperament traits.'

Having displayed his knowledge, Sophus stalked off. On either side of Docus the walls rose bleakly. As he tiptoed through the vast corridor his boots clanked against the cold stone and the echo returned eerily. On one of the doors a large sign read:

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Summoning up all his courage. Docus knocked. Immediately his hand touched the door a queer senCompliments of

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sation overcame him. He beheld with horror that he was liquefying and seeping under the door to the labyrinth. "Alas," he wailed, "I am turning into a solvent." Once inside, however, Docus regained his too too solid flesh and looked around with great interest.

The labyrinth was a most remarkable place. Suspended from the ceiling were long, slender glass vessels. As Docus gaped, one of these wandered out of place and dumped its contents into an enormous beaker. Immediately, a thick cloud of smoke arose, a deafening roar shook the room and a suffocating stench pervaded the air. When the fumes cleared, he beheld an aged man vigorously stirring the bubbling contents of the beaker. Catching sight of Docus, the magician beckoned him to approach. Docus peered into the molten mass and enquired as to its contents.

'Ah ha," cackled the magician. "It is der M?x!x. Nobody knows vat she iss but eventually something vonderful comes out." Even as he spoke the mass began to turn a vellow hue, to harden and break up, and lo and behold! there lay millions of gold pieces. "Eureka! Since the beginning of time alchemists haf ben trying to do this." He jumped about with joy and embraced Docus. Somewhat overcome, our hero nervously backed away but the magician exclaimed, "Come mit me. I vill ben giffen you a magic potion." In less than a minute he had a small vial containing a bright red liquid and labelled "Booster." This he presented to Docus saying, "This iss for die Maxeens." He then ordered Docus to shut his eyes and count to three. Having attended high school in his youth Docus completed this task with little trouble.)

Opening his eyes he found himself once more in the vast empty hall. But it did not remain empty for long. Almost immediately a crowd of grotesque creatures (the Maxeens) appeared from all sides and rushed towards him. They were the most hideous beasts imaginable; their gargoyle faces leering and grimacing at him, their long brutish talons clawing at him. Docus' desperate efforts to escape were of no avail, for he was soon completely surrounded by them. He fought bravely, but no sooner did he cut off one head than another far more ghastly appeared in its place. At last, exhausted, he remembered the magic potion and threw it in the midst of the

In an instant they all fell on the floor and Docus found that they were nothing more than sheets of paper covered profusely with writing. He patted his trusty sword, forgetting the aid of the magic potion. Turning, he beheld a stately gentleman approaching, dressed in a long black robe. "My son," he said, "you have freed this castle from the Maxeens for another year. To show our gratitude we, the F of VC, present you with this Golden Ba."

Joyfully Docus thanked the gentleman and set out for the king's palace. There the sight of the Ba overwhelmed the king, who promptly died of heart failure. So, Docus married the princess and lived happily ever after.

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A Warning to the

"WOULD-BE" FRESHMAN

From my superior position in the second year, I glanced with disdain at the hopeful figure before me. Clutching his High School Certificate in one hand, and a list of unlikely courses in the other, he looked at me out of eyes yet-unclouded with the tribulations of College life, and asked with awe, "What is it like to

be a College Undergrad?"

"Oh, ye, who plan to climb these innumerable hills in search of 'higher' learning, beware!" From the long moment in which the "frosh" hesitates at the door in September until the brief second in which he flees through that same door in April, he undergoes more torture—physical, mental, and emotional than any other creature. He is given a mild foretaste of what is to come when he shows up, bright and shining, for his "first day at school," and is immediately hurried into the registrar's office, whence are heard varied cries of despair and anguish as the room slowly fills with crumpled papers on which are scratched the poor freshman's possible and impossible courses. But after a suitable interval of from one to three hours, depending both on the stamina of the "frosh" and the amount of paper readily available, both the distraught victim and an equally distraught registrar emerge, weakly but trimphantly waving a dog-eared scrap of paper on which are written the courses he had planned to take in the first place. From here, he is rushed into the bookstore and confronted with a stack of books so huge that he is certain he is incapable of even carrying them home, let alone mastering their contents. With his comrades-in-arms, he is now "carried" into the Staff-Room, where he is duly photographed, fingerprinted, numbered and "I.Q.'d," for all the world like a confirmed criminal (whose position, by now, seems preferable in comparison to

his own). Next, he is handed a book of rules and regulations, inadequately entitled "Hints to the Frosh," and is sternly advised—nay, commanded -to learn carefully and to obey rigidly all instructions therein. After one feverish glance at the "hints," which seem to consist mainly of "You are forbidden to—", "You must not —", and "Students are not allowed to—", the bewildered "" ', the bewildered "frosh" catches sight of one word—"expulsion." Here, at last, is his means of escape! But he is just trying to figure out the shortest method to this desired end. when several smug seniors pounce on him and (with no omission of any possible gory detail), inform him of the risk to life and limb encountered in boarding a Mt. Tolmie bus at 12:30 on a Saturday afternoon. But, by now, his mind already filled with thoughts of 3,000 word essays and of nightmarish examinations, the poor "frosh" is capable only of pointing (with his one free finger), to the cargo of books under which he is still staggering. "But—but—these," he manages to gasp out. "I'm supposed to know everything that's in them!" "Oh, those! Why, you haven't got them all yet. There's still-" But he doesn't hear the rest, for he has been rushed off to a preliminary lecture given by one of the more enthusiastic college professors, who simply can't wait until tomorrow to pursue those poor unfortunates who were unlucky enough to be assigned to his classes. And so he squirms through a grueling period during which a series of questions is machine-gunned at him, and during which he is completely convinced he should never have set eyes on the interior of a college classroom. But, at length, the professor is satisfied that no one knows anything, and he dismisses his class with a benevolent, though somewhat condescending smile, and the cheerful remark.

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But don't be discouraged, dear "would-be" freshman. After all, not all days are like the first. They're usually worse.

"Now that's funny. He was here just a minute ago. I wonder why he left?"

-MURIEL TRIMBLE.

La Soiree Française

The French Evening, presented annually by the French students of Victoria College, was held this year on March 10th, under the distinguished patronage of M. Alexis Anfossy, the French Consul at Vancouver, and Mr. W. T. Straith, the Minister of

Education. The proceeds from the night's entertainment were used to augment the scholarship fund which is to honour Mme. Sanderson-Mongin and her wonderful work with the students of Victoria College over the past years. The programme consisted of two halfs. The first half presented several vocal and musical selections. Those taking part were Gordon Young, Corinne Moore, Beverley Luff, Muriel and Vivian Trimble, Jacqueline Sawyer, June Milburn, the College Glee Club and Donald Irvine who gave the French allocution. The second half of the programme was the French' comedie "Knock" by Jules Romains. Gertrude Cunningham gave the prologue in English, and heading the cast was M. Claude Treil, with John Goult, Fraser McPherson, Pat Thomas, Maryann Bishop, Pat Sinnott, John Moffatt, and Bruce Young in the supporting roles. A very enjoyable evening was concluded by speeches by M. Anfossy and Mr. Straith.



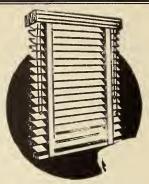
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+ ELECTIONS +

This year's presidential elections were run off with the usual finesse and austo. President-elect Ken Mac-Kay polled an impressive majority of the popular vote and left no doubt as to whom the students wanted for president. The unusually large number of candidates forced the council to use, for the first time, a double-transferable ballot. system was organized by Mr. George Elliot and worked very successfully. The six candidates—Ken MacKay, Marion Gibbs, Fred Anderson, Pat Thomas, Doug Bebb, and Keith Duncan, all had impressive platforms and made an exceptionally colourful campaign. MacKay with his milk-bottle tops—''Vote MacKay for Grade A"-Bebb with his pictures, Marion Gibbs with her cards complete with College Crest, and Thomas with his balloons, all added to the effect. MacKay received 45.5% of first place votes cast, and easily made up the remaining necessary 5% votes on the first transfer. Elections for the remaining seats on the council were held a week after the presidential elections. The results were as follows: Secretary, Vera Stanley: Treasurer, Anna Johnson Director of Literary and Scientific Departments, Pat Thomas; Director of Publications and Publicity, Dave Sutherland; President of Women's Undergraduate Society, Marion Gibbs; Women's Athletic Representative, Bev Luff; Men's Athletic Representative, Doug Bebb. The Men's and Women's First Year Representatives are to be chosen next fall. These will complete the council for the 1950-51 term.

C.O.J.C.

From an inauspicious two during the 48-49 session, the strength of the C.O.T.C. at Victoria College rose to a healthy ten at the beginning of 1950. Of the large number of men who applied for admission to the Corps before Christmas less than half were accepted. These officer cadets will attend various army schools during the summer with pay and privileges of second lieutenants of the Canadian Army Active Force.

During the latter part of the 49-50 session, the cadets received instruction in a series of lectures from Capt. Finlay and Major Mathers pertaining to army organization and etiquette.

Upon completion of exams the men will embark for their own Corps schools, which range as far east as Toronto, for more detailed theoretical and practical training. When studies are resumed at U.B.C., the cadets will have the advantage of weekly lectures by army officers on such subjects as military geography and tactics as well as the use of the mess and facilities at Varsity.



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-M. E. G.



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